

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment
to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene
in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not
thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamgiuing, as
would perhapes trouble a woman.

Hora. If your minde dislike any thing, obay it. I will forstal their
repaire hether, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie augury, there is speciall providence in
the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come,
it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all,
since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes,
let be.

*A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushions,
King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers,
and Laertes.*

King. Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punnished
With a sore distraction, what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnesse,
Wast Hamlet wronged Laertes? neuer Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away,
And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet dooes it not, Hamlet denies it,
Who dooes it then? his madnesse. Ist be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore Hamlets enemie,
Let my disclaiming from a putpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house

Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngord: but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.

Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance:
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young Ostricke, cosin Hamlet,
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker side.

King. I do not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,
If Hamlet giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drinke to Hamlets better breath,
And in the cup an Onixe shall he throwe,
Richer then that which foure successiue Kings
In Denmarks Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now